



Silver Lining



121 11 10

Chapter 1 by Symphony

It was not a dark and stormy night. It was kind of dark, I suppose, but definitely not stormy. In fact, all I remember was the snow. Start to finish, wrapped in calm white. Each flake glowing between the city lights.

Then panic.

In mere moments, the media went crazy. Millions of people, gone in the blink of an eye. Leaving only a pile of clothes they were wearing where they once stood. No warnings, no explanations.

"Mom?" I was eight then, in third grade, ahead for my age. Like any other kids, I had been going through websites when everything I read repeated the same messages--millions of people disappeared. When there was no reply, I knew already that in her place, there would only be a pile of clothes in her place. Some others asked why did they disappear?

All I wanted to know was why was I left behind? Why were any of us left behind?

That was ten years ago. The world now is not the world I knew then. The world, and I, will never be the same again.

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Chapter 2 by Randomer

It was a snowy winter night. I was sitting at my desk, doing my homework. I turned on my laptop and opened my email, preparing myself mentally for the amount of work that I will

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have to do in order to get my grades back on top. My parents had always told me that I was the smartest girl they had ever known, but the praises stopped ever since I entered elementary school. My mom disappeared and my dad had been depressed ever since.

It had been ten years, and my dreams would always be full of floating images of Mom's face.

A new email had just been sent, and I immediately opened it. It was a video.

Chapter 3 by Anni Leigh (GONE...)



At first there is a loud buzzing noise, and I readjust the volume. But then the Image comes on... An older woman, who looks like she had had plastic surgery at least five times was sitting behind a white desk. In a matter of fact, everything was white. Her hair, her clothing, the walls... She noticed it was on, and cleared her throat.

"Dear Amelia Parker. I understand you are the daughter of one of the many disappearance victims... I am sorry for your loss.

I have contacted you today for the simple reason that you are... well *special*.

Unlike any of the other victim's bloodline, you have not 'disappeared'.

We think you may be 'immune' to the disappearance phenomenon.

Our agents are coming to pick you up tomorrow at six am sharp.

I count on you. *America* count's on you"

And then the screen went black.

I stood in awe.

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